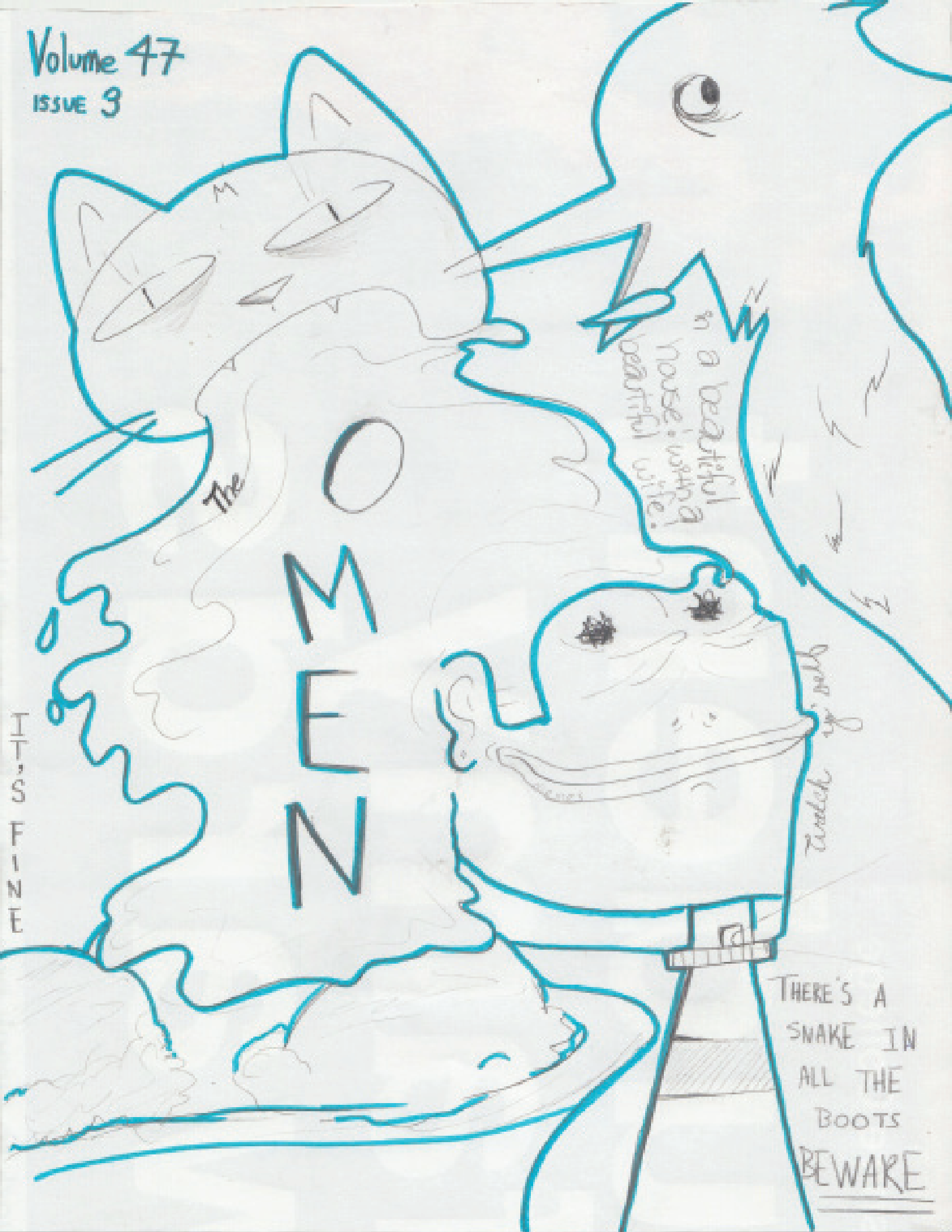


Volume 47

ISSUE 3



The

MOMENTS

in a beautiful
house with a
beautiful wife.

Watch up, folks

THERE'S A
SNAKE IN
ALL THE
BOOTS
BEWARE

IT'S FINE

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Chloe: We may never know. Faries?

Simon: Trees are cooling the planet. We'll be living in an ice age soon! NWO!

Maddi: dat's because storks only bring the prime babies

Spencer: Nymph-dick

Jonathan: leaves 'n' shit idk

Alex: They are secretly ponies

Bryan: They're the earth's tiny nipples

Ethan (DJ Nasty Prayer): Non-conformative thinking lets them all be the same

Andrew: Got dun did em that way

Front Cover: Maddi Picard

Back Cover Background: Allison Zietler

Page 18-19 Background: Sam Pawlowski

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, or Chloe's mailbox (0369)

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

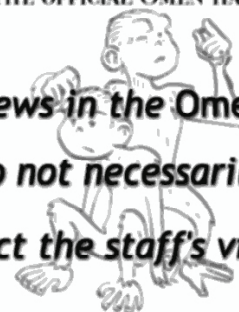
The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



EDITORIAL

Chloe Anne Omelchuck

Here we go again.

Sidenote: Whenever I use well-known song lyrics in regular speech, I usually get a little snatch of that song running through my head. Where it gets annoying though is when the lyrics closely match the chorus of more than one song. In this example, "here we go again" fits with both Neon Trees' Animal and Whitehorse's Here I go again. End sidenote.

This, the last full week in October, is not only our campus' newly inaugurated week of "Looking Back, Looking Forward," but also contains a "day of compassion." Each of these events are apparently going to be celebrated by practicing mindfulness of different kinds- being aware of the world around us and being able to see where we fit into it (in the most general terms, for a full description please check your Hampshire webmail, you'd be surprised by the information they send you).

I will say this to start out: I am not a "social justice person." My main goal in life is to hike around in the woods, understand some parts of it, and share that understanding with other people. I am white. I have never been discriminated against because of the color of my skin. I claim minimal understanding of the intricacies of most social issues, and will happily defer to those who can claim greater experience, expertise, and involvement. However, for reasons probably best explained by watching this year's presidential election and the fact that I would really like to live in a world where no one has to worry about being discriminated against for any reason, it's not really an option for me to forget about social

justice. Therefore, I will do my best by sharing a small bit of my philosophy on dealing with other people. I have many thoughts on this subject (as I'm sure that every person on the planet does), but I think the one that explains it best would have to be this: everyone and everything does for a reason.

Simple, but true.

At first glance, this may not seem to be a particularly advantageous piece of knowledge. After all, that doesn't really matter to how you get along with or understand people if you disagree with their reason or it's a reason formed out of ignorance. Obviously, there are people out there who form their knowledge and opinions through faulty knowledge, or through the lens of bigotry and prejudice. But, for me, that is still not nearly as bad as those who refuse to recognize the merits of other's reasoning and to recognize that they, themselves might be wrong. And here we get back to my rule.

Because if everyone does for a reason and you want to be able to communicate with them, you've got to understand them. You've got to figure out that reason. And you might not be able to figure it out. But, in undertaking that process of thought, you have to search for an opinion and a motive that doesn't necessarily fit your own. And if you can do that, then you have the ability to recognize them for what they are; a human being, just like you. That's compassion. With that, you can look forward.

Chloe Omelchuck (editrix)

Section Speak



defiance, apathy, third-party votes



^submitted by: Amanda Crausman

Revolution (?) on My Radio

by: Alex de Strulle

I've been thinking a lot lately, which isn't abnormal of course, everybody thinks a lot. People think about all kinds of things a lot. For example: One may spend a duration of time pondering upon their breakfast, others may

spend a duration of time pondering books, or television shows, or the inevitable death of the universe and the meaningless of existence.

Anyways, that got off to a weird start. What I personally have been thinking about is Green Day. Yeah, that's right, fucking GREEN DAY. Remember them? Walking those lonely roads,

singing about September, and of course everybody and their mother (literally) has heard of the time of their life.

Well these three gentlemen dropped an album for the first time in centuries, titled Revolution Radio this is Green Day's first self-produced album since 2000s Warning. The album is filled with tracks of various sounds and intensities, each song delivering another little piece from the heart of Billie Joe (the singer and songwriter) himself. The blood may render many CDs unusable but you gotta admire that dedication (just to be crystal clear, I'm being sarcastic, he did not put literal pieces of his organs in these CDs).

So if you've made it thus far, congratulations! You now fully understand my extreme stan for Green Day. So what? You say with a snifle (Oh sorry I'm godmoding lol) but I understand a few may be wondering what the point here is.

If I were writing this for a class the professor would hate me. But the point is that while I would gladly thank Billie Joe if he straight up murdered me I am very interested in a punk revival. What I mean to say is, I want punk to come back but for groups who actually need it.

Let me rewind a bit, punk rock is considered a very rebellious genre. It's supposed to sing the songs of the oppressed and downtrodden. Now granted, Billie Joe is a queer man who grew up impoverished, I don't know if the other two (Mike or Tré) are also queer (it's possible) but I'm pretty sure they were also lower class when they started.

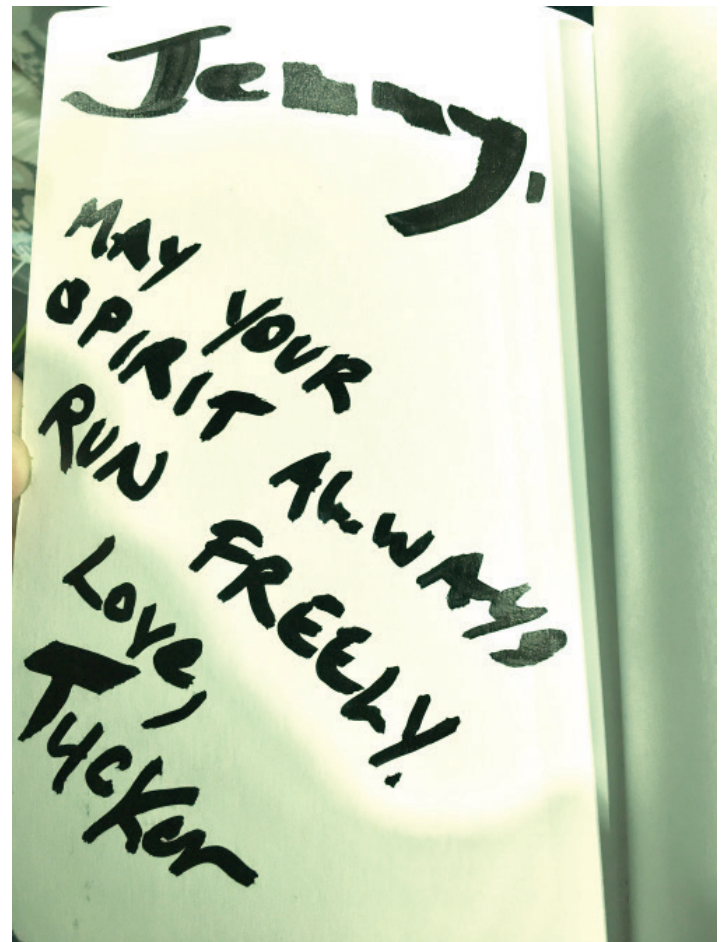
So punk made sense for them back then.

Not that I mind Green Day coming back, writing songs that point out their frustrations with today's political climate and oppressive violence. But I feel like there should be a surgance of punk/pop punk bands that are... Well.. Not cisgender white men.

Give me girl punk, give me queer punk, give me black punk and give me all-of-those-things-at-once punk.

Billie has said himself that he wants his fans to listen to and support new bands, Green Day's put the effort into having almost all girl led punk bands open for their shows. But at the end of the day, they're still three white cis men.

So that's what I've been thinking about. A punk rock revival that doesn't cater to white cis men, a revival that actually does what punk was supposed to do in the first place (at least, from my perspective) challenge authority and stand up for the oppressed.

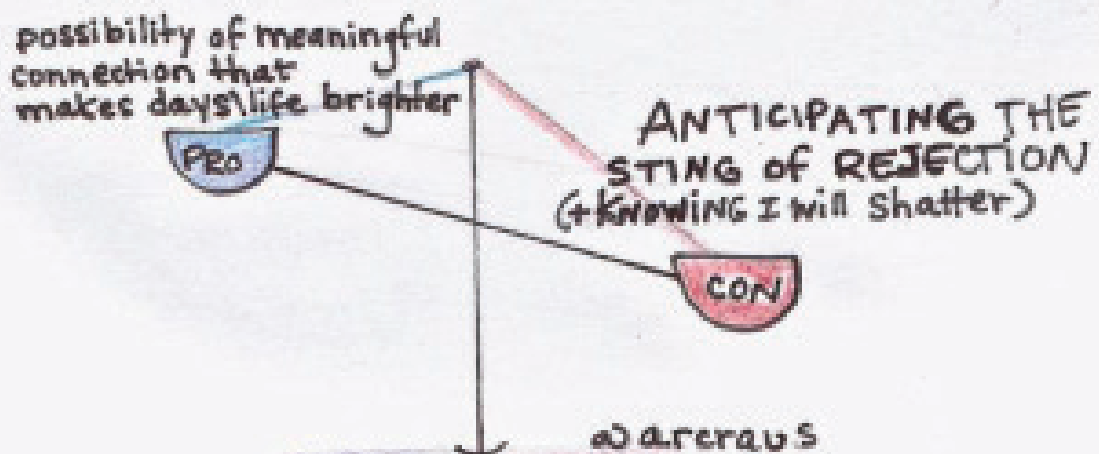
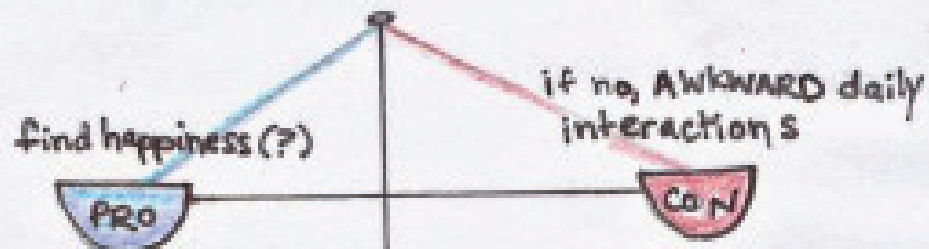
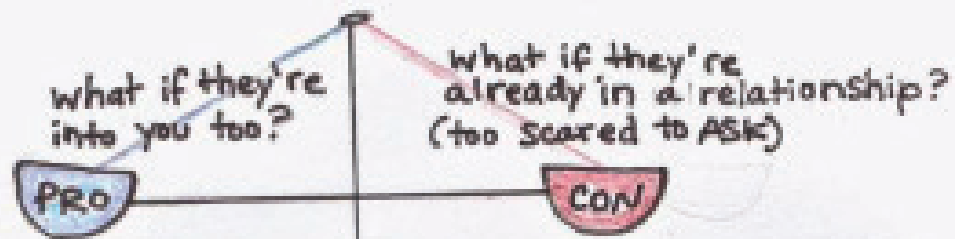


^Submitted by: Sam Palowski



submitted by: Amanda Crausman

Should I ask them out?



^submitted by: Amanda Crausman

Section Lies

Afterglow

by: Alex de Strulle

Come with me into a sea of sound,
Electric waters that will shock and
Delight the traveler who wants to
Feel their soul ignite into an inferno.

Dive into the waters and don't hold your
breathe.

Let yourself sink down into the deep,
Let yourself become one with the
Shock and bliss of synthetic noise.

The bass drum pounds into every fiber of your
being.

It is your heart's new master ensuring that
You feel its force thumping against your chest at
A rate that is almost too painful to endure.

Like a diver lost in the deep dark ocean
You float and crash with every rise and fall
Of every drop and build of these songs.
You throw yourself into the music.

Time is now measured only in Beats-per-Minute.

Your entire body is consumed and you
Feel your nerves screaming and vibrating
With every moment spent down in these depths.
You become less and less yourself
But more and more apart of everything else.

Suddenly you breach the surface of reality.
Your ears tingle with the echo of experience
and

Your body feels tired but satisfied.
Like a night spent with a dark and
Mysterious lover you bask in the afterglow.
Ready to come back for more.



^submitted by: Allison Zeitler



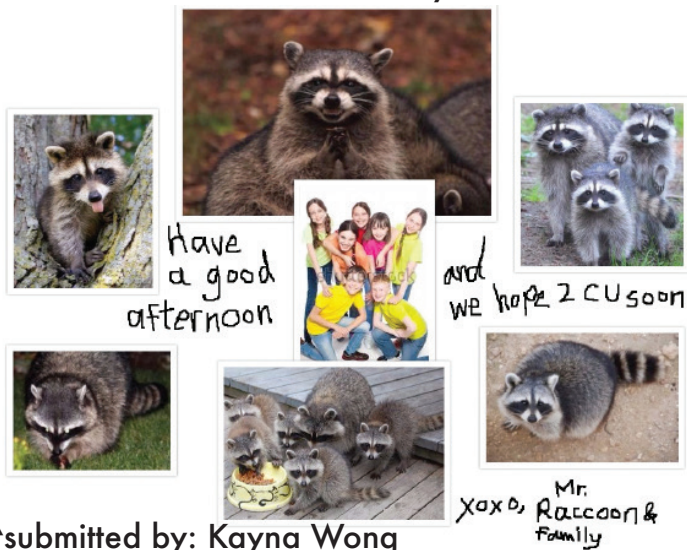
^submitted by: Allison Zeitler



^submitted by: Allison Zeitler>



^submitted by: Byan Prieto



^submitted by: Kayna Wong



Look at it

^submitted by: Grace Willey



Cats of all sizes and species
submitted by: Allison Zeitler

10

Submitted by: Sam Palowski



dragons submitted by:
Allison Zeitler

SHELLS

My heart is still
beating on night's plate
two sounds every pulse

the first,
a door slams
the second,
a house caves in.

by: Lucia O'Corozine

Benched, second edition

By Maddi Picard

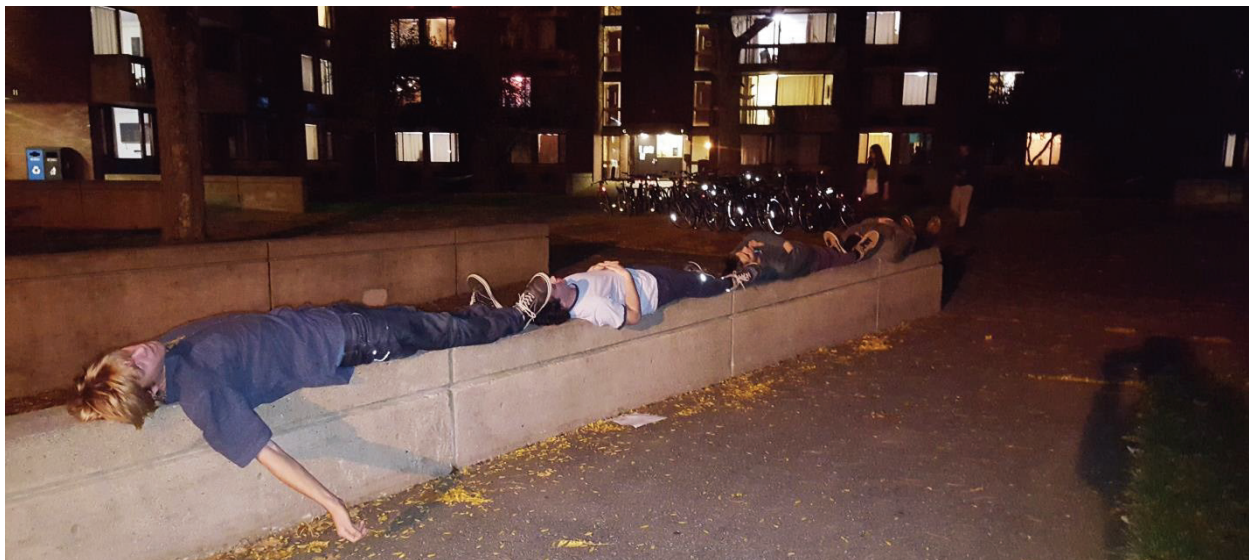
It is a custom for students and youth alike to search for a place to rest, sit, lounge, nap, etc.. that may not be a traditional place for doing these actions. It is as though they reject the idea of sitting on a chair or table for the sole reason that it is the social norm. With this, they construct new methods of being comfortably rested outside.

In accordance to the above notion, the structure that will be evaluated in this article is a ledge most popularly used during orientation as a checkpoint for the new student groups. This long ledge is located near the Merrill/Dakin Living Rooms, so if you were to stand facing north in the Dakin quad it would be the shorter ledge to the left.

A total of 6 people, of average and above average height can comfortably lie on their backs for the length of the ledge. It is true that you can fit more people if they sat normally, however if you plan on having a social siesta then this is the ideal location. The structure itself is made of concrete, and is 34ft in length and at its tallest is a little over 5ft. The measurement for length is based on the lack of room (you can credit this to the railing).

The comfortability of this structure can be exponentially increased if the flock of youth use soft towels, blankets, or even their own jackets. This adds a cushion and support to the body, in some instances. It is also important to note that there are multitudes of combinations available given enough experimentation and time, however, this article is here solely to introduce you to the prospects of easy, lazy resting. Feel free to experiment with whatever method you so wish to choose.

If you have any questions, concerns, or suggestions, please feel free to contact me at mpi16@hampshire.edu.



Pictured above are four individuals lying on their backs on the ledge. They enjoy the cool October breeze and the stars overhead.

Professor Moriarty and the Golden Jubilee By Simon Fields

Chapter 1

Well, if you pay too much attention to that sycophantic fool Dr. Watson, you'll believe that Sherlock Holmes is the cleverest man in London. Well, I grant you, Holmes is clever, he's even one of the cleverest, but the fact of the matter is that the poor fellow is no match for me. He may have a knack for using tiny details to see a big picture, but he's never seen the big picture, which is why I have eluded him for so long. The truth is, that you won't see the big picture either, until you are knee deep in this memoir.

I think that any true patriotic Briton will see that I was in the right, that I had saved the British Empire from a humiliating defeat; and that Sherlock Holmes was a meddlesome fool. Well, that's what his own brother told me, at any rate. Then again, Mycroft was an even bigger fool for choosing not to give Sherlock clearer instructions. I guess that in his fraternal arrogance, Mycroft assumed that Sherlock would figure out what he was, and was not, supposed to do for his country.

Our story begins in 1885, before the stories of my adversary had ever been published. I was going to America, to become better acquainted with certain ruffians in the Fenian Brotherhood. The Fenian Brotherhood was composed of Irish rascals in the United States. Why was I going to New York City intending to meet up with these Former peasants? Well, if I told you all of my reasons, there'd be no point in reading the rest of this account. Suffice it to say that any

decent Napoleon of Crime (as Sherlock would describe me) needs his ruffians, and the fellows at the London Docks were all well and good, but I wanted my network to branch out into the United States. Brother Jonathan or his new replacement, Uncle Sam; take your pick, was getting crooked as hell and I wanted in on the seedy gilded corruption.

You see, in the Land of Opportunity, there weren't just criminal networks, there were political machines like Tammany Hall in New York. There were powerful rail and mining corporations controlling politicians from the "Wild West", Banks and Monopolies running the show back east. Some well meaning hypocrites like former President Chester Alan Arthur had just assaulted the spoils system by reforming their Civil Service — blast them. Still, there were many positions in government to be handed out to the right political backers. The money was flowing at a nice pace to everyone in on the scheme(s), and a mathematics Professor like me needed something to count. Why not make my medium of exchange and mathematical experimentation a stack of crisp, gold backed U.S. Dollars? I already had a good supply of British Pounds Sterling, in fact, one quite respectable source of some of that money will be revealed to you in good time.

On the evening of January 26th, 1885, I left my abode in London, as Colonel Moran carried my valise. We got into my personal carriage, and I had my Coachmen, Grumberly, drive my brougham carriage to Paddington Station. As the wheels bumped along the cobblestone, I stared at my pocket watch. Tick tock clip clop tick clip tock clop. Those horses had better hurry, or I might miss my train. I knocked at the carriage wall in front of me with my cane, and shouted,

"Faster Grumberly! Faster!"

"Yes, right away sir!"

After purchasing my ticket, I made my way

to my first class carriage on the Pullman Line to Bristol. The train wouldn't be departing for another five minutes. A newsboy began shouting in his typically sensational way

"Criminals attempt break out of Clerkenwell Prison using dynamite blast! Several killed and wounded! Read all about it!"

In the back of my mind, I thought that this all sounded very familiar. Well well, thinks I, this may complicate things. They might think that I was behind the blast. And my leaving London (and the country) right after a breakout might put me under even more suspicion.

I better learn more.

"Hullo newsboy. Here's a threepenny for a copy of the London Evening Standard." The newsboy handed me the paper.

"I thought I might find you here," comes a smug, self assured voice. "What's this now, Moriarty? Do you want to figure out if you're suspected as you slip out of London?"

"That's Professor Moriarty to you, you brazen, meddlesome upstart!" It was Holmes. He hadn't met his stooge yet, and since he hadn't been drawn in that silly deerstalker of his, he wasn't wearing one for publicity's sake. I will say this for Holmes, I don't think he ever wanted to wear that deerstalker to attract attention. That was all Watson's idea. I had composed myself by now.

"You know Holmes, you'll never get that job at Scotland Yard if you keep making accusations against innocent subjects of the Crown."

"The funny thing is that I hear the same thing from Deputy Inspector Lestrade – who thinks that you're innocent. He also says that you've got friends in high places – in the Home Office no less." No doubt this clever knave was saying this to keep me complacent, though he might have a point about the Home Office.

"Well, back to the issue of my becoming a Peeler. I'll tell you what I told him on that score. I don't want to occupy myself in Scotland Yard. I want my own practice."

"A private consulting detective? Rubbish! It's never been done."

"I'm the fellow to do it first." What incredible hubris! Still, he had a point. If anyone could be a Private Detective, it would be Holmes. And technically, it had been done before by the Bow Street Runners, but they worked as a team. Holmes wants to investigate alone. He'll never be able to figure out what I'm really up to, because of his inflated self-worth.

"Pardon me, I've got a train to catch." And with that I swung the door to the train carriage ajar and I abruptly stepped in. I was accompanied by my sidekick, Colonel Sebastien Moran, the sort of neat military personality who regularly wears pomade in his hair, and perhaps even in his curled mustache. We sat opposite each other in the compartment; Colonel Moran lit a cigar, but I coughed loudly enough to dissuade him from smoking it. The coughs were quite obviously fake and angry coughs, you see.

I began reading the Newspaper.

"DYNAMITE OUTRAGES

ATTEMPTS TO BLOW UP THE
(Fields, 5)
HOUSE OF COMMONS,
WESTMINSTER HALL, AND
THE TOWER"

Hang on a tick. I must have been thinking of the blast in Clerkenwell Prison, 1867. Nobody was successfully broken out of the gaol that day, and twelve people on Corporation Street died. If only the Napoleon of Crime could have helped pull it off... Was I hallucinating as the newsboy shouted? As for this, well, this is much more serious in its scope. But it wasn't too successful. Still, it is rather daft of me to go travelling today; perhaps I'm growing too confident about my friend in the Home Office. Well, there may be more of these to come. And

perhaps the next blast will expose a certain wolf in sheep's clothing, who talks reform when he's in Westminster and revolution when he goes to the Fenian's lair in New York... Well, that's neither here nor there; at the moment, I need to catch the RMS Bristol, which will take me to Mexico. Did I tell you that I'm headed for New York City? Forgive me, I was telling so many other people that I was going directly to America (to keep them off my scent) that I repeated the lie out of habit. Well, it's not a total lie; New York City is my main destination. But first I need to take a detour, to find a certain "General" Francis Millen, a mercenary rogue with (supposedly) republican sympathies. He'll be the perfect pawn in a grand game of chess that will change the course of British history.

But before I wax prosaic about my unknown, vital contributions to Queen and Country, I think I should tell you a little bit more about my journey to North America. The RMS Bristol was still a relatively new liner, and indeed, I enjoyed the voyage more than any of my previous escapades to other lands. Certainly, in the several hours after we departed from Bristol, I felt rather uneasy about the task before me and without telling

you too many rail-side details, I'll venture to admit I was uneasy about my stomach as well. However, I managed to get over my physical ailments much faster than I had on clipper ships, wooden steamships, and even some of the earlier steel steamships. The RMS Bristol was so much bigger than those other ships – sailors joked about the ship being an entire nautical mile. It was so much more luxurious too. The card games, the dining, the comfortable cabin. I was sad to leave the ship when I reached Veracruz which must have been by February 8th at the latest, and from thence Colonel Moran and I boarded the train to Mexico City. The Vera Cruz-Mexico City Line was only about twelve years old, and it was a bit of a rude shock after being aboard the RMS Bristol.

Upon arriving in Mexico City, the Colonel and I began searching for "General" Francis Millen. This is a man who was involved in Fenian attempts to invade Canada, a man who had recently fought valiantly here in Mexico. We searched for the mercenary in as many dives, bars, clubs, and brothels that we could think of. Then we decided to make inquiries with the local authorities, and we eventually found him in a prison cell.

"Right," says I to the jailor, "Must evitamos la incidente internacional." We must prevent the international incident I said in broken Spanish.

"Pero Senor, su Ingles y Inglaterra prefiere que se pudre en una celda, no?" But Sir, you are English and England prefers that he rot in a cell, no?

Well, I couldn't tell this fellow the truth about what England prefers, because in the best case scenario I'll be thought a lunatic and dismissed and in the worst case scenario—indeed, even worse than getting locked up in a mad house, would be if this official believes me. The Napoleon of Crime quickly uses his silver tongue, speaking in English to give his words more of a British – we'll send Her Majesty's gunboats into Vera Cruz Harbor a la Palmerston, sort of ring to them. Any uncertain Irish twang was gone now... If we knew about how important petrol would be to the Empire, at that early stage, [Prime Minister] Lord Salisbury probably would have sent gunboats to Vera Cruz – the Monroe Doctrine be damned. "Right, well Inglaterra," I say mockingly, "would much rather he be rotting in a London Prison than this fine establishment." I was impressed by the fellow's composure, and savvy. Were I in his shoes I might have tried teaching the smug Englishman a lesson about manners. I expected that I would have to speak to our Consul in Mexico City, show him letters, etc. But none of that was necessary.

"Si Senor." And the gaoler jangled his keys,

taking his time, mind you, but I can't blame him for that. Taking a bit of time when you're back is against a wall gives the gaoler and his countrymen a saving dose of dignity and face. I didn't really press him, but I did pull out my gold pocket watch. He saw me do it out of the corner of his eye, and this made his deliberate sloppiness become more genuine. He was getting nervous, and it showed. But he eventually sprung Millen out of prison. I gave him a document from H.M. Government, demanding Millen's extradition to England documents which could be presented if and when Xavier's superior's ask him about General Millen.

The "General" was out of prison, and I reminded him how much he owed me, and Her Majesty's Government. With the aid of some Mexican Rum, Colonel Moran and I drilled this sense of obligation into Millen's head. This wasn't the first time that Millen had done his part for the Union Jack — as early as 1867, Millen had been a paid British Agent. This was right after he and an army of Clan na Gael hotheads tried invading Canada, which was just becoming a British Dominion.

Our discussion went into the wee hours of the morning.

"Blast the Queen to smithereens?"

"Yes. But you see, it isn't a matter of pulling it off, that might even be the easy part. That won't be the trouble. The trick will be the plot's existence, and who we can associate with it." General Millen declared himself a British agent to the British Consul in Mexico City, and negotiated with them about pay. He made some rather extravagant demands. I wrote a telegram to Edward Jenkinson: "Agent X has reported for duty STOP. Will require substantial pay STOP."

We travelled to New York City, and met with Andrew Sullivan and other Fenians. D'ye know, the hotheads are all Irish-Americans. I was born in Ireland, and granted, I was born to a well off family, but the Irish in Ireland weren't

ever as upset as the Irish in America. The Yanks remembered the Famine of '48-9, and little else about their home, or about the British. The British can be a stiff lot, you see, and I even sound like one of 'em these days. But, criminal mastermind that I may be, I still cling to English notions of deference and hierarchy. These Red Republicans in the Irish Land League are more dangerous than all of the dynamiters put together. They'd leave my Estate in County Cork in a dispossessed shambles; my Land Agents would be powerless against the hordes of peasants. This is when law and order, and rights of private property matter. There are times when neither matter in the slightest. I know, because I'm a thief, and I know thieving.

June 8th, 1886, House of Commons
Charles Stuart Parnell and his cohorts in Parliament have forced our Prime Minister to cave. Gladstone has introduced a Home Rule Bill, granting Ireland greater autonomy. Liberal Unionist Members of Parliament are flocking to Lord Salisbury and the Conservatives to defeat this monstrosity. The Government has been defeated, 341 to 311 votes, and there will be a General Election. Something must be done about Parnell now, or as soon as possible. The die has been cast. The prestige of the British Empire will be hanging in the balance on June 20th, 1887 – the day of the Queen's Golden Jubilee.

The End of Part 1

Sources:

"Dynamite Outrages: Attempts to Blow up the House of Commons, Westminster Hall, and The Tower." The London Evening Standard 26 Jan. 1885: n. pag. Web. 19 Sept. 2016.
Campbell, Christopher. Fenian Fire: The British Government Plot to Assassinate Queen Victoria. London: HarperCollins, 2002. Print.
"Jubilee Reflections." 22 June 1887: n. pag. Shields Daily Gazette. Web. 19 Sept. 2016.

SECTION HATE

Breaking: Hampshire Howler Actually Written By Small, Vengeful Rodents

By Spencer Wood

The following text is a transcript of an audiotape left on the Omen doorstep sometime last night, wrapped in what appeared to be human skin. Readers should be advised that the contents are deeply unsettling.

Rodent 1: It's like, totally a super good thing that the Omen, who are all human and not malformed rat-beasts hiding in the ventilation system, don't know that we, the writers and editors of the Hampshire Howler, are actually mutant lab animals intent on wiping out the human race, including all the students.

Rodent 2: Yes, absolutely, wow, yeah. Another good thing I think is that the mind-control waves given off by every issue of the phlegm-rag "magazine" or "newspaper" or whatever that we make are slowly brainwashing the students, furthering our goal of ending all non-rodent life on earth.

Rodent 1: Like, completely, dude. Mind control rules and pre-marital sex sucks.

Rodent 2: I like, hate pre-marital sex. It's bad.

Rodent 1: Yeah dude! Yeah.

The Omen can neither confirm nor deny that this is totally, definitely an actual recording of the Hampshire Howler editorial staff, who may we remind you believe in abstaining from sex until marriage, admitting they are absolutely, 100% horrifying rat creatures intent on wiping out the human race.



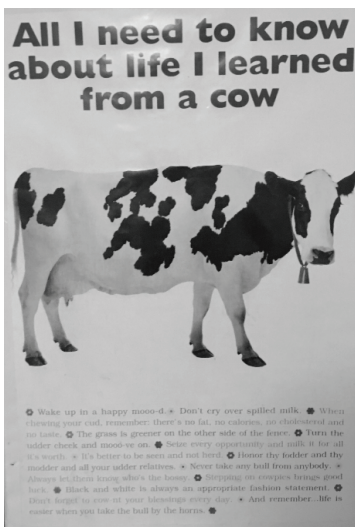


^submitted by: Bryan Prieto

What the hell guys?
I know I asked for content... but this is just stupid.
Stupid amounts of content.
It's three in the morning.
**I DO NOT WANT TO BE IN THE OMEN OFFICE
ANYMORE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

SNIFF
I want to sleep....
I may be asleep....
I'm not sure
-Chloe Omelchuck (editrix)
P.S.

No one actually hates these pictures.
I don't think they're hateful.
But I hate them all the same,
because there's no where else to put them
and I'm too tired to play the game.



Today 8:08 PM



Delivered

Wow



iMessage



Submitted by: Sam Palowski



Submitted by: Sara Steinberg

Hatin Stuff

by Maddie Piccard

I hate pants so fucking much they make me angry every time I wear them something goes wrong. almost every pair and it doesn't matter if it's a pair of yoga pants or a brand new pair of jeans there's almost always going to be a hole in the inner thigh like why does that happen i know i didn't gain ten pounds since the last time I wear them and you would think that this problem would be easily addressable by maybe applying more fabric in that area but no I'm sorry clothing companies don't function that way. they're always so uncomfortable even when they are my size and no matter how much you wear them they never grow with you they only shrink in the wash and I'm sorry it's not the washer's fault but my goodness if the washing machine could just give me back all the socks it stole from the last load of laundry I put in that would be fantastic. I just don't understand why the washing machine has to eat all of my clothing like it's not even socks it's underwear and some gloves and a hat one time like come on how does a hat get eaten by the washing machine it's absolutely ridiculous. It's not just clothes that get the hammer either because there was this one time i was loading my clothes into the dryer and as i shoved a pair of jeans into it one of the legs came up and slapped my phone which was resting on the dryer straight onto my basement floor and let me tell you that was the loudest, most powerful fuck I have ever yelled in my entire life my soul was drained out from my body when I saw that my phone had been absolutely s h a t t e r e d but I mean it still worked if you just what am I saying no it didn't work it was destroyed in that one moment of laundry let me tell you right now that I hate doing laundry and I will be spiteful every day I have to do the laundry. I hate pants, too.

Based on the song "Brazil" in honor of the 2016 Rio Olympics

by: Simon Fields

Brazil, where Nazis fled after the War
Advising Right Wing Squads and Goons
And softly murmured "someday soon"
As they kissed and clung together

Then, tomorrow was another day
The Cold War changed the USA
Old enemies became okay
Now, when twilight dims the sky above
Recalling chills from their guns
There's one thing I'm certain of
Return Justice will to old brazil

[instrumental]

Then, tomorrow was another day
The Cold War changed the USA
Old enemies became okay
Recalling chills from their guns
There's one thing that I'm certain of
Return Justice will to old brazil
That old brazil
Man, it's old in brazil
Brazil, brazil

US, where Nazis fled after the War
Advising Right Wing Squads and Goons
And softly murmured "someday soon"
As they kissed and clung together

Then, tomorrow was another day
The Cold War changed the USA
Old enemies became okay
Now, when twilight dims the sky above
Recalling chills from their guns
There's one thing that I'm certain of
Return Justice will to the US

[instrumental]

Then, tomorrow was another day
The Cold War changed the USA
Old enemies became okay
Recalling chills from their guns
There's one thing that I'm certain of
Return Justice will to old US
That old US
Man, it's old in US
USA, USA

I Hate You

You are raw unseasoned meat and porcupine needles.

You are “unknowingly stepping into a puddle at night” and “falling out of your 3rd story bathroom window”.

When you try to write, it’s like Tuesdays, because that’s when the compost gets taken out.

You are “seeing through glasses shattered by your 2 year old child” and “never completing the easiest of crossword puzzles.”

When you speak it’s like the depths of a kiddie pool, all bubbles and shallow gardening hose water

A Conversation as Strangers with No Hint of a Previous Four-Year Relationship and Not Saying ‘I Miss You’ Back

“hey”

“hey”

“ever heard of FKA Twigs?”

“yeah”

“thought you might like her.”

“cool. I miss you.”

Submitted by: Kayna Wong

Heart Like a Handgrenade

by: Alex de Strulle

My heart is just a hand grenade,
Ready and primed to explode.
Filled with the gun powder of pain,
Mixed with shards of despair.

–
Agony is like second nature to me,
I don’t know what life is like
For people who have never
Tried to shatter themselves.

–
Why is it that the world around me screams?
The sound of silence is rich and
There is invisible blood in my mouth.
I want to let myself be sick.

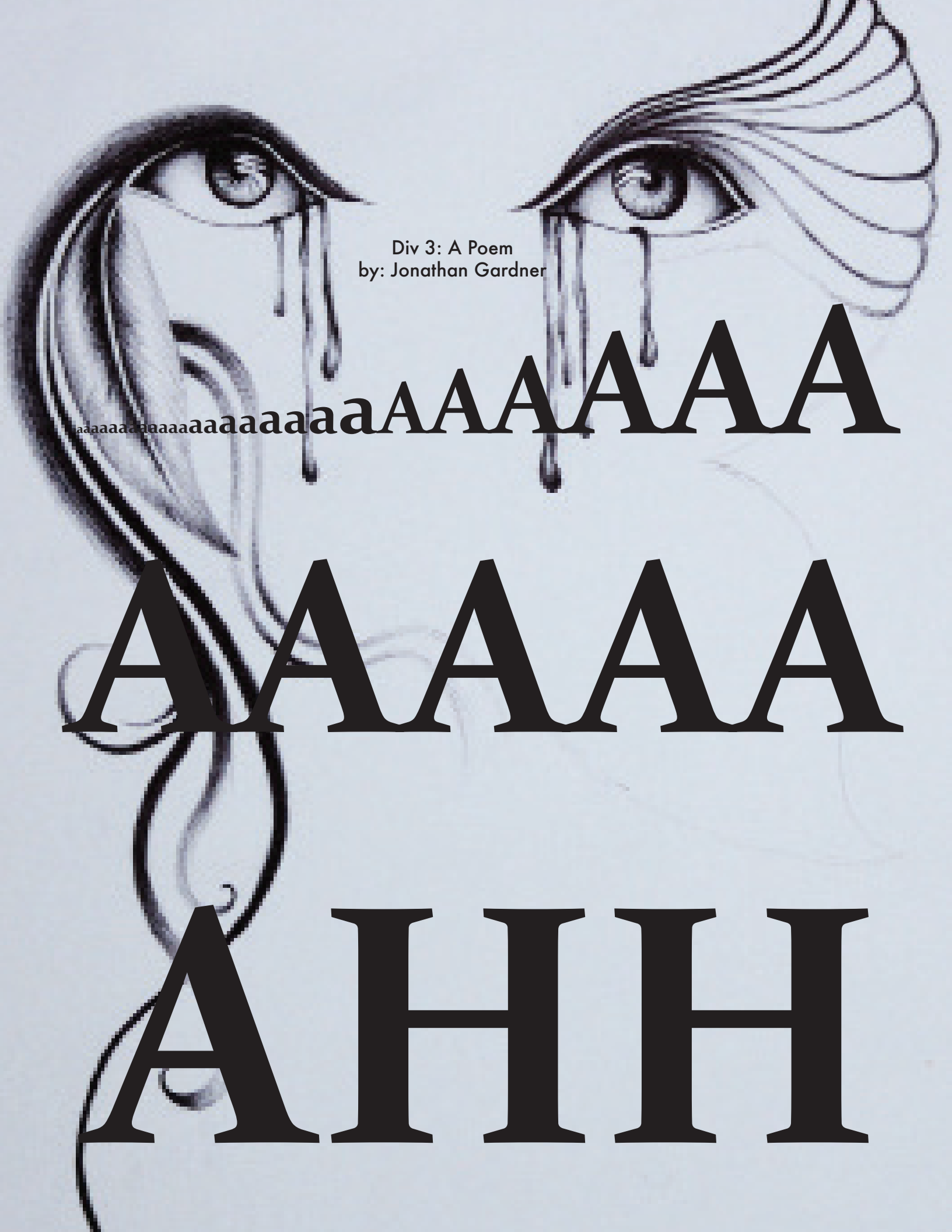
–
My heart is just a hand grenade,
Ready and primed to explode.
My love is like lava in my veins
And I do not exist in this world.

–
I am illegal and I am taboo.
I am innocent and I am guilty
And I am blamed and hated.
I am a revolution
Without even trying to be.

–
Let the world hate me,
I hate myself after all.
Painting smiles on my face
To show that I am stronger
Than I really am.

–
My heart is just a hand grenade,
Ready and primed to explode.
The soldiers of denial are chomping
At their bits
Ready to charge.

–



Div 3: A Poem
by: Jonathan Gardner

aaaaaa aaaaaa aaaaaa aaaaaa A A A A A A A A A A

A A A A A A A A A A

A H H H H H H H H H